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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1914

Brumbaugh Stands the Acid Test

BRUMBAUGH'S position is as clear cut as a cameo. In his speeches he leaves no fringes of uncertainty; in his pledges there is no twilight zone.

There is no vague clap-trap about temperance—a word that may apply to a gill or a gallon. There are no reservations, alternatives or postscripts.

Speaking on that subject he says: "I don't want any voter or any mother or any child to be taught an untruth or to have a misrepresentation of myself on a moral issue presented to them in this campaign."

There stands the man, incorruptible and unafraid, with every inch and every ounce of his superb character pledged solemnly to a great cause.

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mer tinkering up the rules, not a season passes without the introduction of some novel play.

This year, football "fandom"—there really should be some special and exclusive designation for the pigskin enthusiast—is to be regaled with the new "Rugby pass," if present signs mean anything.

It is one of the principal refinements in the English game, and consists in passing the ball from one back to another as they attempt to circle the end.

Albany Princeton and Yale have found the play a good ground-gainer when well executed.

If flipping up the baseball rules a little would liven up the game as much as the constant revisions in football have done, the National Commission is neglecting a big opportunity.

Position of the 1912 Progressives

RICHARD R. QUAY, of Pittsburgh, who possesses certain boss tendencies by inheritance, has quarreled with William Flinn, of Pittsburgh, who is a self-made boss and worships his creator, Mr. Quay says:

"It is our opinion that the Republican ticket this fall will poll four-fifths of the votes cast for Roosevelt in 1912."

If by the Republican ticket Mr. Quay means Penrose, he is counting out the one factor that made the Roosevelt vote so astoundingly large, Roosevelt's vast majority was due to a revulsion from Penroseism.

It was a revolt of conscience and civic manhood from the corrupt and corrupting organization that Penrose has built up in this Commonwealth.

There are multitudes of citizens who will vote the Republican ticket for Governor, Congressmen and State officials, but not all the armaments of Europe could force them to stand for Penrose. It is simply inconceivable that any considerable portion of the Progressives, who went into the 1912 campaign with the spirit of crusaders, could so far fall away from their ideals as to vote for Penrose, the Frankenstein of Republicanism.

A Stamp That Fights for Health

THE war on the White Plague goes on relentlessly, but without blare of trumpets. Yesterday the first of four meetings of the North Atlantic Tuberculosis Conference was held in Philadelphia. Every phase of prevention and cure came in for thorough discussion, yet the only outcome that will be noised abroad is the decision to press with renewed energy the sale of Red Cross seals this year.

There lies the public's part, to place on every Christmas package that added message of good will and good works, the little stamp which means a contribution to the never-ending battle for health.

THE case is somewhat different with Thomas Rusk Marshall, the F street publican. His name does not appear in any book of biography; but it happens to be written on the Government's roll of honor for services rendered his country in times that tried men's souls.

He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1841, and celebrated his 73d birthday last August. His father was a cousin of John Marshall, the great Chief Justice, and his mother a cousin of Jeremiah Rusk, the first Secretary of Agriculture.

Thomas Rusk went to sea when he was 12 years old. That was before Thomas Riley could fairly crawl; indeed, it was in the very year Thomas Riley first saw the light (1854) that Thomas Rusk was doing duty in the United States revenue cutter service, and until he settled down in Washington 25 years ago his life was filled with many hairbreadth experiences on sea and shore.

His father and all his father's people were what used to be called "rebels"; but his mother's people were for the Union. "When I put on the blue uniform and went to say good-bye to my father," said Mr. Marshall the other day, "he was very angry with me, asked whether I intended to wear that damned uniform and when I told him that I did he declared that he would never speak to me again and would not tell me good-bye. It so happened, however, that he did speak to me after the war was over and that I took care of him for 27 years before he died. It was his only child."

THESE two Thomases were brought together in a rather unusual way last winter. A wholesale house in Louisville sent a case of particularly fine "samples" to Thomas Rusk Marshall, Washington. It was intended for the publican in F street, but it was delivered to the Vice President at his hotel. The address was perfectly clear and the man at the desk paid the charges. That was a mistake of judgment, of course, but it was quite natural seeing that the name of the boarder was the same as the name on the box. As soon as he found it out, the Vice President made remarks, as he is liable to do almost any time, in the presence of a Western newspaper correspondent, to the effect that it was a rather good joke on him that a case of samples intended for the "rumseller in F street" should have been delivered to him instead. He did not intend that this jocular remark should be printed, but it was, and then there was the mischief to pay. The publican resolved to write to the Vice President and protest against the apparent reflection made upon him. Nothing that could be said against such a course by his family could deter him from his purpose and, taking down the family Bible, he proved by this proverb of Solomon that he was well within his rights, indeed, that he was obey-

ing a Scriptural command: "Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee; rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee," and that was warrant enough for the publican.

AND this was the letter the Publican wrote: The Lonekam, Washington, D. C., January 17, 1914.

Honorable Thomas R. Marshall, The Shoreham, Washington, D. C.

Sir—In a recent number of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette I have been referred to an article, wherein you see fit to refer to me as a "rumseller," and other expressions of contempt, because my name happens to be "Thomas R. Marshall." I also note that, by reason of the identity of our names, you contemplate to petition the Legislature of Indiana to have your name changed.

I exceedingly regret that the identity of our names should have caused you any inconvenience or annoyance, and yet I must beg you to remember that my name was given me without any conscious agency of mine, by honorable parents, who bear unquestioned descent from that family of Virginia Marshalls which, to say the least, has been no discredit to the name.

I was made a Mason in February, 1865, and for many years have been a member of the Shrine—Almas Temple. I was an officer in the United States Navy during the Civil War, captured in 1863 and imprisoned at Camp Meade, Texas, for nearly a year. At the close of the war I was appointed by the President Lieutenant in the Revenue Service, from which I resigned on account of ill health in 1867, and went West, returning to Washington in 1890.

I am a member of the Union Soldiers' Alliance, Grand Army of the Republic and the Prisoners of War Association. So far as I could, as a loyal citizen of Washington of 24 years' residence, minister to your happiness and comfort during your temporary residence, it has been and will continue to be my duty as well as my pleasure.

But I beg you to believe that, humble as my occupation is, I have endeavored to make it the best of its kind, and that three Presidents of the United States and distinguished men without number have been entertained for long periods at the Lonekam, without apparent loss of self-respect.

In order further to avoid the annoyance you evidently feel at having mail and express matter confused in delivery, I shall henceforth ask all matters to be sent to me at The Lonekam, and if you will kindly order yours to the Shoreham, or add the designation of "Vice President," I am sure any confusion in delivery of mail or express may be avoided in the future.

In conclusion, permit me to say, that while I can claim no such lofty distinction as that which you have attained, I have yet a humble pride in claiming an untarnished name, which I have no intention of changing for any reason yet apparent.

Very respectfully, THOMAS R. MARSHALL, The Lonekam.

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Washington, March 11, 1914. My dear Mr. Marshall—Since talking with you over the telephone, I have been hoping that you would drop in and see me that I might have opportunity to tell you again, and in a face-to-face talk, convince you that the joking remarks, which, by the way, I never dreamed would find their way into the newspapers, were made altogether in good spirit. My only purpose was to relate what seemed to be a good story on myself.

That the remarks hurt your feelings, I regret sincerely, and I want you to know that they were not intended in any way to be malicious. I would not wound the feelings of any one without cause and certainly not yours.

Sincerely yours, THOS. R. MARSHALL, Washington, D. C.

SINCE the correspondence the two Thomases have met several times, Thomas Rusk visiting Thomas Riley at the Capitol and Thomas Riley visiting Thomas Rusk at his place of entertainment, and the interested breach has been healed. It is a "human interest" story.

RANDALL.

CAPITAL GOSSIP

The Story of Two Marshalls, Some Kentucky "Booze," a Charge and an Apology. The Vice President, Having Erred, Arranges a Reconciliation With Another Pleasant Thomas, who Doubted.

THERE are two Marshalls in Washington with the same initials—Thomas Riley Marshall and Thomas Rusk Marshall. The former is Vice President of the United States, submerged in the art of "watchful waiting," and the latter a plain, humble publican engaged in the rather thankless business of pleasing the public with food and drink. Though so far separated in estate they are not altogether unlike in temper and disposition, and both are very good men.

In Indiana Thomas Riley is well known and much liked, and many persons in the United States have heard of him. Until he made elected Governor of his State (and he has been a very good Governor) he had worked at the law 23 years, with varying success. He has been well written about since he became Vice President, written down rather than written up, because he has a quaint way, or a Booth Tarkington way, of saying things. His biography is in all the regular and special editions of the Congressional Directory "based on information furnished or authorized" by himself. It is very brief, filling only ten lines, while the story of the "Life and Times" of Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, consumes four times the space, and William Scott Vane, of the 1st Philadelphia District, is embalmed in twice the number of lines. Four times an LL.D., once Governor of his native State, the only one of the name ever elected Vice President of the United States, much sought for after-dinner and religious occasions, utterly unselfish and worrying about nothing, doing the best he can with an extinct species of motorcar, while Tamulity, the President's secretary, goes about in a brand new car of the latest model, without any very definite place in the Government and not able even to have a mangle picture of the Senate taken without the permission of Senator Overman, of North Carolina, he still persists in the belief that this is a very good sort of world to live in, and so made public proclamation on his 69th birthday.

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CURIOSITY SHOP

Calligoris was an Egyptian giant of fable, and a cannibal who used to entrap strangers with a hidden net. This net was made by Vulcan to catch Mars and Venus. Mercury stole it to catch Chloris and left it in the temple of Anubis, and Calligoris stole it. At length Astolpho blew his magic horn, and the giant, affrighted, ran into the net and was made a captive.

George Washington was not the only man who bore the title, "Father of His Country," the others being Julius and Augustus Caesar; Cosmo de Medici, 1359-1464; Andrea Doria, the Genoese patriot, 1468-1560; and Andronicus Paleologus II.

"The Seven Sleepers" was the name of a festival introduced by the early Christian church in 259. According to the legend, Emperor Decius, having set up a statue in the city of Ephesus, commanded all the inhabitants to worship it. Several young men, desiring to follow the Christian faith, hid in a cave and sealed the entrance. They remained so until the year 473, when they were opened. The "young" men, who had been asleep, awoke, and when their story was heard, the circumstance was pronounced miraculous and the festival was instituted. According to the Moslem version, a dog named Kratin also slept, and being a sage was admitted to paradise, to sit beside Balaam's ass. The other animals which, according to the Koran, enjoy this privilege, are the ant of Solomon, the whale of Jonah, the calf of Abraham, the camel of Salah, the cuckoo of Belkita, the ox of Moses and the mare of Mohammed.

Helvetia, the old Latin name for Switzerland, occurs often in prose and rhyme. Holmes says: "See, from the ashes of Helvetia's pile, 'A whitened skull of old Servetus smile."

HUM OF HUMANITIES

Penology is making bigger strides of late years than almost any branch of public activity. Among the many schemes for turning the criminal into an honest citizen, the most popular is easily the return to the soil. From one end of the country to the other prison wardens are turning their prisons into farms to let Mother Earth try her hand at curing which no amount of discipline could cure.

The adult prisoner and the incorrigible youngster alike respond to the reforming influence of the "earth cure," as it is called. Katherine Davis, a woman commissioner of charities and a reformer, has taken young offenders who terrorized the old style reformatory until they were considered hopeless and has put them under the honor system on a farm where they are in every way repaying her confidence.

An instance of the success of this part of Miss Davis' work is given in an article in the current American Magazine, written by a girl, who before her commitment to the reformatory had been a member of a gang of thieves, and who went to the reformatory determined to learn as much evil as she could and come out as bad as possible. After the girl's first insubordinate tendencies had been quelled, Miss Davis put her to work in the garden, and of the effect on the prisoner's mental attitude and conduct the girl herself writes:

"The sun beat down upon my bare head and burned my neck and arms and I gloried in it. I never felt so full of vitality and energy in my life, but for once it was well directed energy, the ambition to excel others in my work, and to watch the marvelous growing things come up under my hand. And then I was told that my good conduct had earned for me promotion to a higher grade. Good conduct! I had been good! I had been entirely unaware of the fact, because, to tell the truth, I had been entirely too busy to give it a thought."

In that last sentence, says an editorial writer in the Milwaukee Journal, there is

THE IDEALIST

"A hook is well lost to catch a salmon"—so runs an old proverb. No day is too hard if you make good. Crossing the home plate before the ball reaches you is worth the hardest kind of running.

A man gets out of the world what he puts into it. A snowflake dropping on a drum-head gets no response. It is the hard stroke that sounds.

Reciprocity is the law that obtains between giving and getting. It never misses. Scores of buds are clipped to make one richly colored American Beauty rose.

Renunciation is another ironical law of life, which it is easier to preach than practice.

The man who thinks only of himself will have a monopoly of his own opinion. Most successful folks are of more use to the world after they are dead than they are in the flesh. Death interprets, enlarges, reveals and gives understanding to their virtues. There are worse things than death.

He who has not made himself immortal in this life will have a thin sort of immortality in the life to come. All honest living is vicarious. Hell and heaven are the rebound of our own lives.

The Original Jesus From the Springfield (Mass.) Statesman. William Randolph Hearst continues to be the greatest advocate of peace that ever clasped his arms with peace.

THE BABBLING FOOL

Nobody practices the Golden Rule. Everybody preaches it. Applied to modern business, every bank and business house would be closed.

Nobody thinks of living up to the Sermon on the Mount, but there are no revised editions of this charter of character.

Peace is the ultimate of international life, but the fighting cock plucks every feather from the dove of peace.

The meek have no more chance of inheriting the earth than your garbage man has of inheriting the millions of Rockefeller.

It is far from true that "conscience makes cowards of us all." The tongue of your neighbor's wife is feared more than the voice within.

Many a man who prays regularly forgets to remind the conductor that he failed to collect his fare.

While the worst cigars are at the bottom of the box and the best fruit is at the top of the basket the millennium will be postponed.

Patriotism is still "the last refuge of the rascal" and election day draws near.

Whenever a man cries that "honesty is the best policy" keep your hand on your purse.

The crook is the fellow who wants something for nothing.

The man in jail is worth two who ought to be in jail.

THE ORIGINAL JESUS

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IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Love's Football They had been sitting on the sofa for nearly an hour. He edged nearer and nearer, if that was possible.

"Be careful, Mr. Jinks," she murmured coyly. "For I shall